

STORIES
FOR
THE LITTLE ONES.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES



ANSWER TO PRAYER.



AMMA, how did you know what you told poor old Mrs. Johnson?" asked little Kate Lindsay of her mother, as they were returning home one day from a visit to an afflicted neighbor,

— "did God tell you?"

"Yes, my child, he tells us in the Bible, and all his promises that I repeated to the poor woman are written there."

"Well, then, I shouldn't think she need cry and worry so, if God is ready to make

her happy! Do you think she will ask him, as you told her to?"

"I can not tell that, but I fear she has neither love nor faith enough to lead her to pray with the sincerity and trust necessary to win an answer. She must first desire to turn from her wicked ways before she can expect that God will save her from the consequences of them."

Kate walked on silently a short distance, her little feet moving slower and slower, till at length she suddenly stopped, and looking up into her mother's face, asked, "Do you think, 'ma, if I had troubles, and prayed any thing else than 'Our Father who art in heaven,' and 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' that God would answer me?" Her great blue eyes were full of anxious doubt as her mother looked smilingly down into them, saying, "I hope so, as you always try to be good. You know what

the dear Saviour said to little children when he was here on earth, and he took them in his arms and blessed them — don't you?"

"But, 'ma, he has gone up to his home in heaven, where little children can not go to him till they die."

"Praying to him, my child, is going to him as truly as though you could see him, like the children whom he took in his arms. And he is just as willing as then to answer a prayer, or to grant any request, as your papa or I should be."

"Why, that is almost as good as having two mammas!"

"A great deal better, I should think," said the mother, "because he can do that for you which no earthly parents can, and is always near when earthly parents are far away."

Not many days after this Mrs. Lindsay was attracted to the nursery by the sound of her little daughter's voice in prayer, in-

termingled with pauses and sobbings. She drew near the partly-opened door, through which she could see what was passing. Little Kate was upon the floor, vainly attempting to untie a knot in the strings of her gaiters, and each unsuccessful effort upon the stubborn knot was followed by an earnest pleading for divine assistance.

Her older sisters had promised her, if she would get ready in time, to take her out with them to gather May flowers with some of their companions who had just called. The little creature's heart had bounded at the thought of going herself to the woods for the pretty flowers, and her ill-timed zeal to be quick in exchanging her gaiters for thick shoes had drawn the strings into a knot; hence her great distress in being unable to loosen it. The thought of disappointment and of spending the morning alone, when such a pleasure

had been so near, was a serious trouble; but she remembered her mother's words, spoken a few days before, and with true faith and hope she asked divine help.

But her little faith was destined to be severely tried, for the more she prayed the harder she pulled the string each time, and the tighter grew the knot, till, utterly despairing of success, she threw herself upon the floor, covering her face with her little apron, and sobbing violently.

The next moment she felt the gentle pressure of her mother's hand upon her forehead, and heard her sweet voice asking tenderly what troubled her.

Kate seized the hand, but could scarcely answer for sobbing, "God won't hear me pray, as you said he would." Then—thinking from her mother's silence, or perhaps, by her own consciousness, feeling that she had contradicted her mother's words, or

cast censure upon God — she quickly added, “ But perhaps he wasn’t at home ; I guess he wasn’t ; ” and she looked up to see if her mother thought with her.

“ No, my child, God’s home is every where, and he is at all times within hearing of prayer.”

“ Then I must be wicked, like old Mrs. Johnson, or he would have helped me,” said Kate ; and she sobbed harder than ever. The mother gently lifted her up, and sitting down with her on her lap, asked, “ Are you quite sure that your prayer has not been heard and answered ? ”

Kate could only shake her head, and hold up, as proof, her little foot, on which was the obstinate knot.

“ Is there, then,” again asked the mother, proceeding to untie the knot, “ any one whom you would choose to have sent to help you rather than your mother ? ”

Kate looked first at the loosened knot, then at her mother in silent amazement, and exclaimed, "Why, I never thought of that! I didn't *expect* he was going to send *you*, sure enough! Now I'm sorry I cried so!"

"But *I* shall be very glad," said her mother, clasping her tenderly, "if it only helps my little girl to remember always that God chooses to answer prayer in his own best way, and that she need not feel that her prayers are unheard simply because she does not see the answer in the way in which it is given."

Let the little boys and girls who read this be assured that God is ready and willing to answer *their* prayers, and though he may not do it precisely in the way they expect, they will at some time find, like little Kate, that he could have chosen nothing better for them.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

"WILLIE," said a little orphan boy to his brother, "now we are all alone in the world ; father, and mother, and aunty are gone, and there is nobody to take care of us ; what shall we do ? "

"Oh, I am not afraid," said Willie ; "don't you remember the verse that dear mamma taught us ? ' When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' "



"DON'T PUSH HIM; HE'S BLIND."



T was Wednesday afternoon, and the children of the village of L— had been spending an hour very pleasantly together. Their friends had given a "concert" *for the little folks*, so the handbills said which had been posted about the

village for several days, and which the "little folks" had read over and over again with great delight. The expecta-

tions of the children, as to the music, had been fully realized, and the concert was ended.

Walter Gray left the hall with the rest of the boys; but while the others ran, and jumped, and shouted, he walked slowly and quietly; and had you been near you would have noticed that his sister Helen held his hand in hers, and was leading him. As they were coming out, Walter happened to tread upon the foot of one of his playmates, and jostle him a little, when the boy turned angrily toward him, saying, very roughly, "Keep off my feet, will you?" and at the same time giving him a push that almost threw him and his sister down the steps.

"Don't push him, George; he didn't mean to tread on you, but he couldn't see; you know *brother Walter's blind now*," said his sister, sadly.

"Well, he might be more careful then," answered the unkind boy, as he hurried away to join the others in a game of ball. If George had stopped to look into that pale, patient face, and had seen, as he might have done, the tears starting out from Walter's poor blind eyes, I know he could not have enjoyed his play.

"Never mind, Walter," said his sister, trying to speak cheerfully, though she was so much grieved herself that she could hardly conceal it from him,—"never mind; we have had a pleasant time at the concert, hearing the music, and when we get home I'll finish reading that story to you that I began yesterday."

They walked along together, and on the way Helen did all she could to bring back the smiles to Walter's face; but he could not soon forget this act of rudeness and unkindness. Perhaps it will seem to my

little readers a small thing to be so much troubled about ; but I believe you will all agree with me that it is a sorrowful thing to lose the sight, and I know you think it very wicked to speak harshly, without reason, to one who is thus unfortunate.

Walter had not been blind all his life. Some children, as you know, are born so, and they, of course, have never fully understood what it is *to see*, though we pity them, and sympathize with them ; but *he* had been permitted to look out upon this beautiful world, and upon the pleasant faces of friends who loved him, till he was nearly ten years old, and then disease of some kind came upon him, and he was made wholly blind.

Would you not feel sadly to awake to-morrow morning, and, as you opened your eyes upon the light of day, to find that for you all was darkness ? and when father or

mother came in, to discover that you could see their faces no more? Sometimes, when I have walked out, and have looked with delight upon the fields, and trees, and flowers, I have closed my eyes for a moment, and thought, "What if this beautiful scene were now to be shut out from me for ever!" That thought has always made me feel more grateful for the precious gift of sight, and I have no doubt it would make any one of you feel the same. But we should always remember that, whatever our lot may be, our heavenly Father knows and does what is best.

It seems very strange to me that a boy who enjoys this great blessing of sight should ever be unkind to a blind child. Do you know any little girl or boy who is blind? If so, I hope you will always be very careful not to say or do any thing which shall needlessly grieve such a child.

It is very delightful to think that God loves and cares for all these little ones, and that if they love Christ, he will one day take them to that bright world where *they shall see his face.*

"No night is *there* ; eternal light is given ;
None grope,— none fall,— *there are no blind in heaven.*"

"IT IS AGAINST GOD'S RULE."

LITTLE Arthur wanted to help his father all he could ; so he went down where his father's boots were left to be mended. Like many other men, who seem to care but little for their words, the shoemaker promised, but did not perform at the time agreed upon. He said they were not done. He was told they would be wanted to-morrow,

it being Saturday afternoon. "I'll bring them up in the morning," he answered.

Arthur thought a moment, and then said, fearlessly, "It is against God's rule." "Well, I'll send them to-night then." He left the shop, having awakened a new thought in the young man's mind, who perhaps was never before reminded by a child of "God's rule" with regard to the Sabbath.

When Arthur's mother saw him come home without the boots, she was sorry, because it was a long walk, and she thought how tired his father would be at night if he had to go again for them. But when she heard what Arthur had to say, it brought a smile to her face, and caused gratitude in her heart, that past instructions were taking root in that young breast which might yet bless others when her feeble voice was silent here. How is it with all the little read-

ers of this tract? Do they remember God's rule about the Sabbath?

" What sound is this, that gently falls
Upon the quiet air ?

It is the Sabbath bell, that calls
Men to the house of prayer :
For there God promises to meet
All those who worship at his feet

" Yes ; listen to that chime, my love !

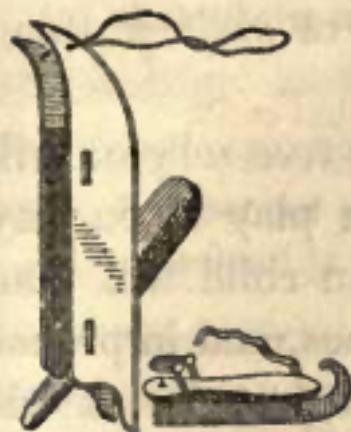
Sweeter than earthly song ;
It tells us of that home above,
Where we shall praise ere long :
For if we serve our God below,
With heavenly harps our songs shall flow.

" How gracious has our Father been

In giving Sabbaths here,
To rest our hearts, like pastures green
The weary flocks that cheer !
Oh, let us thank him for this day,
And find it sweet to praise and pray ! "

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PLAY AS A CHRISTIAN.



"DDY GRAY and I have been skating down on Cranberry Pond," said James to his mother, one afternoon, "and I don't see but that he loves to skate as well as any boy in school."

"Indeed, my son, and why should he not love to skate?"

"Oh, he has become a Christian, you know, and has joined the church. I thought they who profess religion didn't do such things. And besides, he loves coasting too, and all the boys say he is one of the best ball-players among us. Is it right, mother, for Christians to engage in such plays as these?"

"I know of nothing to forbid it, my child, provided they play as Christians."

"Play as Christians! Why, mother, how is that? I never heard of such a thing before."

"Perhaps not; and yet true religion will manifest itself as well in play as in any thing else. The Christian child will take care to play at proper times, and in proper places. He will not neglect for it his studies or his work. He will be kind and obliging to his playmates, will not deceive or wrong them in any manner. He will show that he acts from *principle* here, as in every thing else, obeying the Saviour's golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you.' Does not Eddy Gray play in this manner?"

"Why, yes, mother, I think he does. He is always one of the best boys I know, and we all like him first rate. But I didn't

know that it was because he was religious. Do you think he can *pray* about skating, and ball-playing, and such things?"

"I should be very sorry to have him or you engage in any play upon which you could *not* ask God's blessing. The Bible says, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or *whatsoever* ye do, do all to the glory of God.' Innocent recreation, thus engaged in, is not unbecoming a child of God. We read of the day when 'Holiness to the Lord' shall be written even upon the bells of the horses; that is, upon all the occupations and possessions of men. Why should it not be written on the sleds and skates of boys, as well as any thing else? It is a false and very injurious notion, that religion is inconsistent with any real good. It ought rather to heighten our enjoyment of it, because it leads us to recognize and be grateful to the Giver of all."

"Well, mother, I shall respect Eddy more than ever, now I know he acts from principle."

"I trust you will, and I hope that you too, as well as he, will learn, not only to work, and to study, but to *play* as a Christian."

THE SAME GOOD GOD MAKES THE THUNDER.

A LOVELY little girl, not quite six years old, was out taking a ride with her uncle and aunt one summer afternoon, when her uncle noticed a black cloud rising. He turned the horse about, and made all possible haste to reach home before the shower overtook them; but they were some miles away: the cloud came up very fast, and at length burst upon them.

As no other shelter was at hand, they were obliged to remain in the carriage and ride on. The rain came down in torrents, the lightning seemed to grow brighter, and the thunder louder, every moment. Suddenly there was a dazzling flash, and almost at the same instant a peal of thunder, like the explosion of a cannon, just above them.

The little girl's uncle leaned forward, and looking into her face, saw a smile there. "Are you not afraid, Nellie?" said he.

"Why, no, indeed!" answered Nellie; "mother says *the same good God* that makes the flowers grow *makes the thunder too*, and he loves me just as well now as when the sun shines."



GOD HEARS.

LITTLE Annie is about three and a half years old ; and though so young, her active mind is very busy in thinking, and her tongue in asking questions. She has been regularly to the Sabbath school for a year, and takes great delight in learning little verses to say to her teacher.

One Sabbath morning, while walking to church with her mother, a naughty wish escaped her lips. "That's very wicked," said her mother ; "I'm sorry my little Annie should have said it." The little girl walked silently along a little way, and then asked, "Why can't I see God?"

"Because God is a Spirit," said her mother.

"Can he see me?"

"Yes, he sees you all the time."

"Did he hear me when I said that naughty thing?"

"Yes, he heard it, and he wasn't pleased to hear you say it."

After a moment's pause, she added, "Well, I wonder if he'll let me come to heaven when I die, now that he heard me say that naughty thing?"

"You must be sorry for that, and for every other naughty thing, and ask God to forgive you, and keep you from saying naughty things in future."

"If I was in the house, and the doors all shut, could God hear me say it?"

"Yes, he could hear you just as well."

"Well, if I say it like that," (whispering very low,) "he couldn't hear me."

"Oh, yes, my dear, he could hear every word, though you spoke it ever so low."

"Then I shan't say it again," said she, with child-like earnestness.

Yes, my little readers, God always sees you, wherever you may be, and hears every word you speak; and more than that, knows every thought you have, and is pleased when you do right, and displeased when you do wrong. Will you not remember, and resolve in *every thing*, as little Annie did in this, to abstain from what is wrong, and do what is right?



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THE CHILDREN'S GARDENS.



"Did you ever have a little garden of your own?" said Carrie Lane to her cousin Julia, one morning, as they stood together looking at some beautiful flowers in the window. Carrie's home was in a pleasant village in the country, and she was now visiting her cousin, who lived in the city.

"No," answered Julia, "I don't know how I *could* have one here. You know how small our yard is, and it is all covered over with bricks. I should like a garden very much."

"I know you would. We all have them at home ; there is a plenty of ground there, and every spring father marks off three squares at one end of his field — one for Arthur, one for Florence, and one for me ; and he lets us plant just what we please in them. He bought a spade and a hoe for each of us, too, and one large watering-pot to sprinkle the gardens with when they are dry. We go out and work in them every day."

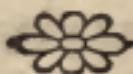
"Oh, that must be delightful. What did you plant in them ? "

"In one part of mine I planted flower seeds, and peas and sweet corn in the other. Florence filled the whole of hers with flower seeds, and it is very pretty. She marked it out in the form of a heart ; and when the seeds came up, it looked as if some one had made a picture of beautiful green in her garden. I love flowers ; but I thought I

should like to have some sweet corn and peas, as well as flowers, from my own garden. Arthur laughed a little at us girls, and said *he* didn't mean to have any thing but what was useful ; so he filled a large part of his garden with corn and potatoes. One of the schoolboys, who is always playing tricks, gave him a lot of seeds that he told Arthur would be *something useful*, and he planted them in the rest of his ground ; but when the corn and potatoes came up, these seeds came up too, and father told him they were nothing but a very troublesome kind of weeds. Arthur felt quite ashamed to be obliged to pull them up and plant that part over again. When I came away from home all the things were growing finely."

" Well, I shall want to go out and help you work, when I come to visit you in August. It will be so pleasant to see things growing that you planted yourself."

"Yes, we shall enjoy it very much. Father says he is glad to have us take care of these little gardens, and he often tells us to notice the wisdom of Him who 'so clothes the grass of the field.' And one day when we were out together, and he found Arthur's corn, potatoes, and weeds all springing up at once, he told us to remember that those gardens were like our hearts while we were young. He said that we might have good seed sown in them by studying the blessed word of God and obeying it; but if we neglected that, other and bad seed would be sown there, which would spring up in our hearts, and make us wicked and unhappy. I am always reminded of those words when I see the form of the heart in Florence's garden."



THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

“ HONOR thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” Exod. 20 : 12.

“ Honor thy parents, those that gave thee birth,
And watched in tenderness thine earliest days,
And trained thee up in youth, and loved in all ;
Honor, obey, and love them ; it shall fill
Their souls with holy joy, and shall bring down
God’s richest blessing on thee ; and in days
To come, thy children, if they are given,
Shall honor thee, and fill thy life with peace



GOING TO CHURCH.

"MOTHER, I don't want to go to church." The speaker, a little bright-eyed boy, looked up into his mother's face with evident doubt as to the propriety of saying what he had said. His mother, who had often heard the same remonstrance, sat down and drew him to her knee, saying, "Charley, father and I tell you that it is best for you. Don't you think we know best?" Charley made a petulant reply, and although obliged to go, yet went in a very unfavorable mood.

Years passed away. Charley had lived to be a man, and had long gladdened his mother's heart by living the life of a Christian. Children, growing up around him, were taught to tread the path in which he had been led before. One Sabbath, a friend, spending the day with him, asked,

"Why do you endeavor to get all your children to church, whether they wish to go or not? You know that many do not approve of such a course." Turning to his friend, he replied, "Because I owe it to my mother that I was saved from infidelity by the respect for the Christian religion instilled into my heart when she sent me constantly to church."

"How sweet upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!"

"How sweet the words of peace to hear,
From him to whom 'tis given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!"



A CHILD'S HYMN.

I AM a very little child ;
I'm very young, and very wild,
 And, sometimes, naughty too.
I'm led, by many a foolish thought,
To do the things I never ought
 To think of, or to do.

But God, the holy God above,
Is very kind, and full of love
 For little ones like me ;
And he will hear me if I pray,
And he will help me every day
 A better child to be.

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